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FOUR
SONGS.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

The Free Mason's Song.

Sweet Gragal ma Chree.

In the Bay of Biscay, O.

GLASGOW:

Printed by Thomas Duncan, No. 3, High-street.

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The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Tune—Bonny Dundee.

KEEN blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer
The cauld caſtle turrets are cover'd wi' ſnaw,
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
Amang the broom bushes at Stanely green ſhaw.
The wild flow'rs o' ſummer were ſpread a' ſae bonnie,
The mavis ſang ſweet frae the green birken tree,
But far to the camp they march'd my dear Johnnie,
An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome an' cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whiſtling dreary,
An' naething is ſeen but the wide ſpreading ſnaw:
The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,
They ſhake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
An' chirp out their plaints, ſeeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them an' it's winter wi' me.

You cauld ſleety cloud ſkiffs alang the black mountain,
An' ſhakes the dark firs on the ſtay rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the ſnow-looded foun-
tain,
That murmur'd ſae ſweet to my laddie and me:
It's no it's loud roar on the wintry win' ſwellin',
It's no the cauld blaſt brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O gin I ſaw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter wat' ſummer to me,

The Free Mason's Song.

Come let us prepare,
We brothers that are,
Aſſembled on merry occaſion:
Let's drink, laugh, and ſing,
Our wine as a ſpring,
Here's a health to an accepted maſon.

The world is in pain
Our Secret to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word or the Sign,
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one,
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er be aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Still firm to our truſt,
In friendſhip we're juſt;
Our actions we guide by our reaſon:
By obſerving this rule,
The paſſions move cool
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

All idle debate
About Church or the ſtate,
The ſprings of impiety and treaſon:
Theſe raiſers of ſtrife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

Antiquity'd pride
We have on our ſide,
Which adds high renown to our ſtation:
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted maſon.

The Clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our ſquare actions their knowledge to place on:
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted maſon.

We're true and sincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion:
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand;
Let's be merry, and put a good face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted Mason?

Gragal Ma Chree.

I am a young lover that's sorely oppress'd,
Enthral'd by a fair one, and can find no rest;
Her name I'll not mention, tho' wounded I be,
By Cupid's keen arrow for Gragal ma Chree.

When first I beheld this famale most fair,
My eyes were eclipsed by beauty so rare;
By her killing glances she so enchanted me,
In anguish I'll languish for Gragal ma Chree.

Her lips are like coral, her cheeks like a rose,
Her breasts are like lilies, and eyes black as sloes,
She is handsome and proper in every degree,
No female can equal sweet Gragal ma Chree.

But her cruel parents were sharp and unkind,
I durst not attempt to discover her mind;
My grief to reveal for that sweet lovely she,
And my poor heart's bleeding for Gragal ma Chree.

O had I possession of Newinton store,
With Breakaduff's treasure, was it ten times more;
And wealth of great Denmure, I'd part with it most free,
Disdaining all riches for Gragal ma Chree.

I purpos'd to tell that sweet innocent dove,
All by a fond letter, that she was my love,
Expecting that evening with pleasure to see
Some fine talk of love from sweet Gragal ma Chree.

But the cruel villain whom I did entrust,
Of all men breathing I'm sure he's the worst;
For he prov'd a deceiver and traitor to me,
He never gave the letter to Gragal ma Chree.

Straightway to her father he went out of hand,
And gave him my letter as I understand:
When the old man did read it he swore bitterly
He would alter the case with sweet Gragal ma Chree.

He said to his daughter with a frightful disdain,
Here is a love-letter from your darling swain;
So never deny it, it's plain you may see,
He titles you here his sweet Gragal ma Chree.

His lovely sweet daughter she fell on her knees,
Saying, honoured father, do as you please;
For, if by wild horses I tortur'd should be,
I ne'er will deny I'm his Gragal ma Chree.

A horse was made ready without more delay,
To some foreign country she was sent away;
Though I have been searching this whole country
I never could hear of sweet Gragal ma Chree.

Now I will travel fair Ireland all round,
In hopes that in some place my love will be found;
And if I don't find her I'll mourn constantly,
And my last dying words will be Gragal ma Chree.

In the Bay of Biscay, O.

OUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge ſhow'rs!
he clouds were rent aſunder
By lightning's vivid pow'rs!
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day,
There ſhe lay,
In the Bay of Biſcay, O!

w daſh'd upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak;
ch fears a wat'ry pillow,
None ſtop the dreadful leak!

To cling to ſlip'ry ſhrouds,
Each breathleſs ſeaman crouds,
As ſhe lay,
Till the day,
In the Bay of Biſcay, O!

At length the wiſh'd-for morrow
Broke thro' the hazy ſky;
Abſorb'd in ſilent ſorrow,
Each heav'd the bitter ſigh:
The diſmal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As ſhe lay,
On that day,
In the Bay of Biſcay, O!

Her yielding timbers ſever,
Her pitchy ſeams are rent;
When heav'n, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundleſs mercy ſent!
A ſail in ſight appears,
we hail her with three cheers!
Now we ſail,
with the gale,
From the Bay of Biſcay, O!

FINIS.